

De La Soul Lyrics

"Verbal Clap"

"You out there? Louder!
Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Posdonus]

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?
We creators of them East coast stars
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me
that take long to cook
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth
And stop frownin like you hostile
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

[Dave]

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go
We present these flares to put fire to your ears
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids
Get claps when curtains close, stage left
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath
SAT book smart, part ese
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown
Acquire more couth before you get poofed
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!
It's my constitutional right to bear arms
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite
Woodstock and white folks involved
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Chorus x2: De La Soul]

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes
(put, all, the things aside)
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes

(put, all, the things aside)

[Posdonus]

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?
So raise your guns or your glasses
Either way there'll be a toast in the air
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

[Dave]

See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do
Smash tenements and skyscrapers
Bow-tie papers stacked high
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats
I (Dodge) ricochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

[Chorus]

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"